

BUSY LITTLE BEES & THEIR OWN PAGE.

SO MANY splendid stories came in this week that it was difficult to decide the prize winners. The king and queen each have written good stories, and one of our little busy bees, in New Jersey, hundreds of miles from Omaha, sent an interesting story about her pet kitten. More original subjects were used this week to write about than usual, which shows that the busy bees are thinking more about their stories and are not writing about the same subjects which other busy bees have already written about. The editor thinks that the busy bees are learning the meaning of "original" and they have been much more careful about following rules, so that very few stories have to be thrown away.

The prizes were awarded this week to Helen Johnson of Lincoln, on the Red side, and to Marie Rich of Grand Island, on the Blue side. Honorable mention was given to the Queen Bee, Hulda Lundberg, of Fremont, Neb., on the Blue side.

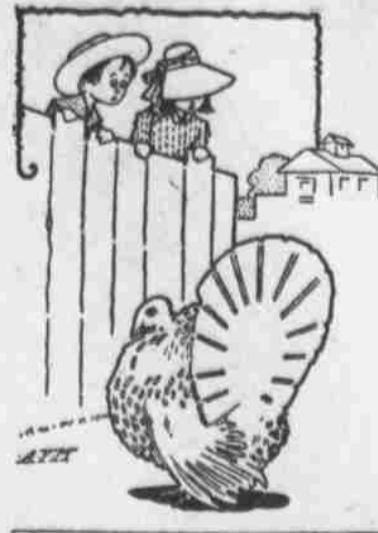
Any of the busy bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

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| Jean DeLong, Alnsworth, Neb. | Mabel Shellett, 434 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. |
| Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. | Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. |
| Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. | Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb. |
| Agnes Dahmske, Benson, Neb. | Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street, Omaha. |
| Vera Cheney, Craghton, Neb. | David City, Neb. |
| Louis Hahn, 304 North First street, Omaha. | Helen Goodrich, 4030 Nicholas street, Omaha. |
| Eunice Hode, Falls City, Neb. | Walter Johnson, 1827 Locust street, Omaha. |
| Ray Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb. | Maurice Johnson, 1827 Locust street, Omaha. |
| Eibel Reed, Fremont, Neb. | Ellah Fisher, 1219 South Eleventh street, Omaha. |
| Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothensburg, Neb. | Louis Raabe, 2509 North Nineteenth street, Omaha. |
| Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. | Earl Perkins, Reddingtown, Neb. |
| Loyda Roth, 626 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb. | Emma Carruthers, 2111 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha. |
| Edna Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. | Walter Johnson, 2465 North Twentieth street, Omaha. |
| Faulline Schultz, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb. | Leon Carson, 424 North Fortieth street, Omaha. |
| Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. |
| Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. | Juanita Innes, 2750 Fort street, Omaha. |
| Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. | Madge Daniels, Oslo, Neb. |
| Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb. | Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb. |
| Alice Grassmeyer, 148 C street, Lincoln, Neb. | Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb. |
| Elsie Hamilton, 2025 L street, Lincoln, Neb. | Marie Fleming, Cooclea, Neb. |
| Irene Disher, 2025 L street, Lincoln, Neb. | Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb. |
| Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln, Neb. | Earl Perkins, Reddingtown, Neb. |
| Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. | Emma Kostal, 1816 O street, South Omaha. |
| Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. | Eibel Ems, Stanton, Neb. |
| Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb. | Edna Ems, Stanton, Neb. |
| Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb. | Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb. |
| Lucille Hasen, Norfolk, Neb. | Clara Miller, Ulca, Neb. |
| Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb. | Earl Perkins, Reddingtown, Neb. |
| Emma M. Guardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb. | Elsie Stasny, Wilber, Neb. |
| Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb. | Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb. |
| Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb. | Mary Frederick, York, Neb. |
| Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb. | Pauline Parks, York, Neb. |
| Julian Witt, 1524 Seventh street, Omaha. | Edna Bethling, York, Neb. |
| Meyer Cohn, 86 Georgia avenue, Omaha. | Carrie B. Bartlett, Pontanella, Ia. |
| Ada Morris, 424 Franklin street, Omaha. | Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia. |
| Myrtle Jensen, 3909 Isard street, Omaha. | Mollie M. Walters, Little Sioux, Ia. |
| Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha. | Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia. |
| Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha. | Kathyrne Mellor, Malvern, Ia. |
| Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha. | Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia. |
| | Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo. |
| | Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind. |

Prize-Winning Busy Bee



King of the Barnyard



In the barnyard, strutting,
Old Gobbler goes about,
And if he doesn't like a fowl
He chases him right out.

He is a lordly fellow,
And e'en children fear
To go into the barnyard
When they see his gobbler there.

They perch themselves in safety
Upon the fence, so high,
With legs a-dangling outside
So that they may jump and fly.

If old Gobbler comes too near them,
With his threatening wings wide spread,
For a gobbler can whip children!
(At least, so it is said).

And there they sit and watch him,
And early laugh and talk;
But if he "robbles, gobbles,"
They quickly take a walk. —M. W.

at which the lily was crowned queen of the flowers.

The Snow Queen

By Marie Rich, Aged 12 Years, 211 West First Street, Grand Island, Neb. Blue.

"Now look, mamma, it's snowing and I can't go out to play."
"Yes, but you can't go out and play all the time," said Tommy's mother.
"Well, I don't care. I don't see why it has to snow. I should like to go outdoors, then I wouldn't have to care about snow," Tommy said thoughtlessly.
"Just run on and play with your blocks, and maybe you can go out tomorrow," said his mother.
Tommy ran, but not cheerful like he ought to have been. When he was called to bed his mother kissed him and said, "Now, aren't you glad to have a nice warm house and bed?"
"Yes," said Tommy, but he didn't mean it. He soon fell asleep.

After a while he woke up and felt cold. "I am the snow queen," she said, "and I heard your wish. It will be granted, after this you will have no father and mother, and no warm place to go to and sleep, and with these words she disappeared."

Tommy began to cry, when suddenly he felt his mother kissing him and asking what the matter was. He told her about his dream and said that after this he would be glad to see the snow come and have a warm place to stay.

The Honey Bee Family

By Hulda Lundberg, Queen Bee, Aged 14 Years, Grand Island, Neb. Blue.

One of the largest hives in the city of "Bee Town" was the one owned by Mr. and Mrs. Honey Bee and their children, Clover Bee, Flower Bee and little Baby Bee. They made three kinds of honey, white, pink and yellow honey. They collected honey in summer and in winter they had all they wanted. They were at ways happy and cheerful.

Well, today was Sunday and Mamma and Papa Bee had been invited to the palace of the king and queen. So they started off, telling the Bee children to be good and they were to bring them some honey. Everything went well until they came to their "Honey Hive." They found every bit of their honey gone, and they could see not far off a bunch of Drone Bees were carrying away their honey. So they went home broken hearted. Little Clover Bee noticed the sad look on their faces and ran up to them and said, "Mamma and papa, didn't you bring us some honey?"
"My dear child," sighed Papa Bee, "the Drone Bees have taken all our honey."
That same night there was a notice in the paper that every Bee in town had to be present at the palace at 2:30 p. m. to arrange for the next day.

When everyone was seated the King Bee said, "It has been decided by the Fairy Bee that all the busy bees will be changed into children by the Fairy's wand, and the Drone Bees will not be changed; they will be made to work, as the busy bees have done, and when they are real workers

Bunny Rabbit and Sneako Wolf

By Mand Walker.

WELL, here's the finest place to build a house I ever saw," declared Bunny Rabbit, speaking to his wife and two children and waving his paw about over a pretty open space in the woods. "There's a fine big hollow stump which will serve for a house—the greater part of one. All I shall have to do will be to build a porch, a kitchen and a fence."

"And a roof over the stump, papa," put in Speckles, the little son rabbit.

"And a gate to the fence," said Whittie, the little daughter rabbit.

"Certainly, certainly, my dears," laughed Bunny Rabbit, very proud of his precocious children.

"Ah, Speckles and Whittie will see to it that everything is properly done," said Mamma Rabbit, also proud of her children.

So they all set to work building additions to the huge hollow stump which was to serve so nicely for a two-story house. Being animals and used to performing all sorts of domestic duties for themselves, it never once occurred to them that they should engage a carpenter.

Bunny Rabbit had a fine tool chest and from it he took saws, hammers, planes, nails, etc. And he with Mamma Rabbit's assistance, soon had a fine ratproof roof over the stump and a smooth floor half way up, forming a second story, and a smooth floor in the bottom of the stump. All the while that Bunny and his wife worked at the roof Speckles and Whittie were bringing fine, strong sticks, with the bark peeled off, to be used in building the fence. And as soon as they had a great pile of the fence sticks together they set to work digging little deep holes into which to set the fence stakes so that they might be secure.

And two days after locating in the beautiful open space Bunny Rabbit and his family were happy as could be, for the new house was all ready to live in. Then they all went to their former home, down by a high cliff on a river bank, and brought their household furniture to their new dwelling. As they neared the house they saw a strange head, thrust itself from the window of the upper story.

"Upon my life, if there isn't old Sneako Wolf," whispered Bunny to his wife. Then, being rather afraid to advance further with his family, he told them to cautiously withdraw into the depth of the woods while he went on alone to ask the intruder to leave his house.

"But in numbers there is strength and security," quoth Mamma Bunny, not willing to allow her husband to go to the house alone for she knew the character of old Sneako Wolf. His reputation throughout the country was anything but good. "No, my dear, allow us all to go together. He would not dare to harm one of us with the other near. He is just what his

name implies—a sneak!"

"All right, then, we'll all go together. But be cautious in your language. Like the fox, the wolf is sly and deceitful."

Then together the four rabbits went on to their house, and as they entered the gate they saw old Sneako Wolf thrust his head out of the window, again. "Ah, friends," he called to them as they advanced to the door, "what do you think of my new quarters? I've just completed my new house, you'll observe."

Bunny Rabbit put down the folding bed he carried on his back and looked up into the face of Sneako Wolf. "Why, and here you have called during our absence. Well, I'm surprised, for I had no idea you were in the country. How do you like our new house, anyway, Maister Sneako? My wife, my children and myself have been busy these two days building it and now we're bringing our furniture from our old house to put into our new one."

"Ah, possession is ownership, friends," smiled the sly wolf. "I have the fort, if you please, and mean to hold it. As for the furniture, well, you'd better take it back to your old quarters again. There's no room for it in here. I'll be furniture. I sleep on the floor, sit on the floor and eat anywhere that I happen to find good food."

Bunny Rabbit walked boldly to the door of his house to open it, when, to his astonishment, he found it fastened from the inside. In vain he endeavored to force it open. It was a good, strong door and held like a stone.

Mamma Bunny was losing her temper at this moment, but Speckles whispered her to keep quiet and allow his father to do the treating with the old thief, Sneako Wolf.

"But the filthy old thing is selling our pretty clean house by being in it," said Mamma Rabbit in a low and exasperated tone, putting down the sofa she was carrying. Speckles and Whittie had rested themselves on their loads also, and all were intently watching the parley between Bunny Rabbit and Sneako Wolf.

"Ray, my dear Maister Rabbit, you'd better not try breaking into my house. You know I'm not adverse to rabbit meat and might find you and your family very appetizing should you provoke me into tasting you. So be off and leave a tired wolf to his quiet home and his deserved rest."

Bunny withdrew to the spot where his family were standing and in whispers conferred with them over the situation. "I don't know what is to be done," he said. "That old Sneako might kill one of us—or all of us, in fact, if we persisted in gaining entrance to our own home. So we'll have to use stratagem. We can never use force with such as he."

"And how I do hate to have the old sneak think he has succeeded in ousting us from our home," said Mamma Rabbit indignantly. "I'm half inclined to run the danger of telling him just what I think of him, the old intruder!"

"No, no, Mamma, never do so unwise a thing," whispered Whittie. "Let's do as papa suggests." And she resumed the burden she had been carrying, a pretty wicker chair.

"Yes, let's use stratagem," whispered Speckles, liking the word immensely. And he took up his load—another pretty chair—and made ready to descend to the old home again.

So off they went, carrying away the furniture they had just brought there for use in their snug new home. And as they went old Sneako called from the window: "Good-by, friends, I enjoyed your call very much. Now that we are neighbors, I hope you will come often—say once in a hundred years."

"Oh, we'll not wait so long as that, old Sneako!" called out Mamma Rabbit, her anger forcing her to retaliate to a degree. "We'll come sooner than you think, and when we do we'll trouble you to move into some cave or hole in the ground—the sort of habitation you've always been accustomed to."

"I would not say anything more to warn him, wife," said Bunny Rabbit. "For

Little STORIES BY Little Folks

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 words.
 4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
 5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
 6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week.
- Address all communications to
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,
Omaha Bee.

The Flowers' Parade

By Helen Johnson, Aged 12 Years, 254 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Red.

On the side of a little brook was a path on which the flowers were to hold their parade. They had been getting ready all

day for the great event. The moon peeped out from behind the clouds, and the little stars were dressed in robes of gold. First came the lily in its dress of yellow and white. It sat in a carriage all lined with velvet and satin, and had two little violets on each side of the carriage, on milk white ponies with white ribbons. Then came the rose. It rode in a chariot made of green moss with great sunflowers to shade its beauty. The carnation, daisy, pansy, sweet-pea, daffodil and peony followed, all of which rode in white chariots. Then came the goldenrod in all its beauty. It was in a carriage decorated with all colors of the rainbow, with a yellow satin robe.

Above the path was an arch way covered with moss and ferns, scattered with lilies of the valley. Each flower carried its wreath of rose buds, and the ponies wore wreaths of the same around their necks.

At the end of their parade path stood six snowballs, each of these with a bunch of sweetpeas in their hands to welcome the flowers back to flowerland. The dew was beginning to fall and the flowers dew showed soil their robes and carriages. After the parade the flowers gave a ball,

our own future success, allow him to think we have rendered the house to him and are going back to dwell in our old home. His joy went last long, for I'm going to oust him by hook or crook."

"I'll tell you what to do, papa," cautiously whispered Speckles. "Smoke him out."

"Why, that's not a bad idea," declared Bunny Rabbit. "It won't be so easy as you imagine. Sneako Wolf will be on the watch for us tonight, and if he sees us fixing brush about the place to smoke him with he'll chase us away. And he might be induced to steal one of your little ones as he went for his longer of leg than I, and therefore, swifter of foot, and I could not overtake him. Still, I like the idea of giving him a good smoking. And if I can arrange it so as to prevent his seeing us do so I shall carry out your suggestion."

"I'll tell you a way," said Mamma Rabbit. "Suppose you go into the yard and hold the brush in the ground—the sort of house for a while. The children and I will pile brush at the back and sides. Then, as you run off down the hill he will go to the back of the house to watch you from the window. Then we'll creep to the front and pile our brush on the ground—the sort of house for a while. The children and I will pile brush at the back and sides. Then, as you run off down the hill he will go to the back of the house to watch you from the window. Then we'll creep to the front and pile our brush on the ground—the sort of house for a while. The children and I will pile brush at the back and sides. Then, as you run off down the hill he will go to the back of the house to watch you from the window. Then we'll creep to the front and pile our brush on the ground—the sort of house for a while. The children and I will pile brush at the back and sides. 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